enod re about done planting a business visit

any of them have planted ucday. ar corn over, as they got no stand in account of the cold weather.

Oscar Pierce returned from Flat River Wednesday.

Rev. W. F. Shanks filled his appointment at Mount Zion Sunday. Bryan Stone and Clarence Alley

attended Will Mayfield College sist mencement exclusion a moment,

Mon new, I tell you!" eried De Spain.

"He was coming, Henry, all the way -and he is sick-just to say it to you. for a moment. Let him say it here, new,"

"Go on!" cried De Spain roughly. Spain after a pause, "Say It."

"I'm not afraid of you, De Spain!" shouted the old man, his neck bared to the flying ice. "Don't think it! You're a better man umn I am, better than I ever was-don't think I don't know that. But I'm not afraid of e'er a man I faced. De Spain; they'll tell you that when I'm dead. All the he snapped. trouble that ever come 'tween you and me come by an accident-come before for me to go." you was born, and come through Dave Sassoon, and he's held it over me ever since you come up into this country. I was a young fellow. Sassoon worked for my father. The cuttle and sheep war was on north of Medicine Bend. The Peace river sheepmen raided our place-your father was with them. He never did us no harm, but my brother, Bay Morgan, was shot in that raid by a man name of Jennings. I started out to get the man that shot him. Sas-De Spain ranch, working for your fa-

The words fell fast and in a fury, They came as if they had been chemed." thock till they strangled. "Sassen Let's work farther to the east." ment of endurance, because the Last took me over there. Toward night we got in sight of the ranchibouse. may a runn down at the corral. That's form could hardly be urned to further had been repeated until nature could Jennings, Samen says. I never hid effort against the infuriated elements no longer by any staggering effort to eyes on him below-I never laid eyes -I've Spain rolling at intervals as far made to respond to his wiff, until he on your failur before. Both of us to the right and the left as he dured legs were no longer a part of his be fired. Next they we heard your father in vain spect of a handmark. When numbed being—until below his hips be was killed, and Jennings had left the fee halted health wagon for the had no body answerable to his comcountry. Sax-out or Lone of us killed last time he was a mass of snew and mands, but only two insensible masses your father. Do Spain. It it was I wet horse and rider were frozen to of lead that suchored him to the I did it never anoming who he was, each other. He got down to the ground he still forced the front feet never memors to touch him. I was ground with a visible effect, and in the 10 carry him, in a feeble, meastrons after the man that hilled my brotler, singing wind told Duke his plan and Spession didn't care which it was, never purpose. did, then nor never. But he held it. He had chosen on the open desert a giver me to make trouble sometime hollow falling somewhat abrupity low. I thought I was revenging my der, while Morgan loosened the horses, not on me. De Spain, and never was, just above the point of refuge, and the as she said-that's why we're here, in front of the saddle. and that's the whole truth, so help me

anywhere-you're a better man than I knew it well might be the last moment from the ground. The storm swept unam or ever was, I know that and that ought to satisfy you. Or, I'll stand my trial, if you say so, and tell the

The ice-laden wind, as De Spain stood still, swept past the little group with a sinister roar, insensible alike to its emotions and its deadly peril. Within the shelter of his arm he felt the yielding form of the indomitable girl who, by the power of love, had wrung from the outlaw his reluctant story-the story of the murder that had stained with its red strands the relations of each of their lives to both the others. He felt against his heart the faint trembling of her frail body. So, when a boy, he had held in his hand a fluttering bird and felt the whirring beat of its frightened heart against his strong, cruel fingers.

A sudden aversion to more bloodshed, a sickening of vengeance, swept over him as her heart mutely beat for mercy against his heart. She had done more than any man could do. Now she waited on him. Both his arms wrapped round her. In the breathless embrace that drew her closer she read her answer from him. She looked up into his eyes and waited. "There's Sleepy Cut-goes to my wife, Nan Mormore than what's between you and me. gan de Spain. Will you see to it?" Duke, facing us now," said De Spain sternly, when he turned. "We've got De Spain, will see to it that what stock to get Nan out of this-even if we I have in the gap goes to my niete, don't get out ourselves. Where do you figure we are?' he cried.

the lava beds, De Spain," shouted Mor-

De Spain shook his head in dissent. "Then where are we?" demanded the ever survives. And if you both live, older man rudely.

"I ought not to say, against you. But if I've got to guess, I say two miles east. Either way, we must try for Sleepy Cat. Is your team all loosed the tugs once more from the

Judge C. A. M. linger county wre fur cost at him. "We'll look at

Will Movers of

418 1

Mrs. Martha Fl'd it, put Nan on Lady into the storm. was transacting ac pittless wind. midst Saturday. I the wagon away Mrs Georgia Lund a trait or the

a had fallen that in A L. Havizzard, driving with an

his going to last?" "All day and all night." Nan leaned osely over to hear the curt question nd answer. Neither man spoke again

"We'll have to have help," said De

"Help?" echoed Morgan scornfully. Where's help coming from?" De Spain's answer was not hurried.

One of us must go after it." Nan seked at him intently. Duke set his hard jaw against the

hartling stream of ice that showered on the forlorn party. "Til go for it," "No," returned De Spain, "Better

"Go together." said Nan. De Spain shook his head. Duke Morgan, too, said that only one should go; the other must stay. De Spain. while the storm rattled and shook at the two men, told why he should go himself. "It's not claiming you are not | rowest of chances. entitled to say who should go, Duke," he said evenly. "Nor that our men, unending blasts. He buffered his leg-And it isn't saying that you're not the and with a hand on the pomme seen trailed has to the Bar M, the old better man for the Job-you've trav- tramped beside the herse to revive his between you and me. Duke, it's twenty- a time, he realized, when he could a

We sure they drove and rode on natil the back. When the struggle to remo-

twist you and me. I was a young fel- from the north, and beneath its shoulbrother. And if your father was he scooped and kicked away a mass of killed by a patched butlet, his blood is show. The wagen had been drawn Sassoon always shot a natched bullet, two men, with the mid of the wind. I never shot one in my life, And I'd dimped it ever sidewise, making of never tell you this of my own self, the body a windbreak over the hollow, me to you, or her life. She's as much driven by the gale, would heap itself. Spain realized that his helpless legs in, or never come back. I took care of her when there weren't men stowed Nan. The horses were bands, freezing to the pommel, no groungs through the bilizard the three to slip unobserved back to the side no other living soul to do it. She got driven down behind it, and from one longer supported him. They finally had wandered nearer Calabasas than of the room where the distinguished me and herself out into this, this, of them De Spain took the collar, the slipped from it and he fell prostrate in any one of them dreamed. And on the morning. Fd never been caught like tugs and the whichetrees. He stuck a the snow beside his horse. When he epen desert, far south and east of the with McAlpin, Pardaioe, Espaso and this if I'd had my way. I told her blitching strap in his pocket, and while would cry out to her his frozen lips upper lava bods, it was Scott's horse Buil Page, slightly unsteady but exfore we'd been out an hour we'd never Morgan steadied the Lady's head, De could mumble no words. It was the that put a foot through the bottom of tremely serious for the grave occasion, see the end of it. She said she'd rather Spain buckled the collar on her, fight no longer of a man against nathe in it than you'd think she quit you, soubled the tugs around the whiftle- ture, but only of an indomitable soul I told her I'd go on with her and do tree, and fastened the roll at her side

> together. "One thing and another ceasingly on. have kept us from marriage vows, Nan," said De Spain, beckening at he might clearly hear. "Nothing must keep us longer. Will you marry me?"

She looked up into his eyes, "I've promised you I would. I will promise lifting her head, the mare dragged him every time you ask me. I never could to his feet. Clumsly and helplessly have but one answer to that, Henry-

it must always be yes!" "Then take me, Henry," he said slowly, "here and now for your wedded husband. Will you do this, Nan?"

Still looking into his eyes, she answered without surprise or fear : "Henry, I do take you."

"And I, Henry, take you, Nan, here and now for my wedded wife, for hetter for worse, for richer for poorer, from this day forward, until death us do part."

They sealed their pact with a silent embrace. De Spain turned to Duke. "You are the witness of this marriage, Duke. You will see, if an accident happens, that anything, everything I have some personal property-my father's old ranch north of Medicine Bend-some little money in bank at

"I will. And if it comes to me-you,

Nan, your wife." She looked from one to the other of "I figure we're two miles north of the two men. "All that I have," she said in turn, "the lands in the gap, everywhere around Music mountain, go to you two equally together, or whichand I do not, remember my last message-bury the past in my grave,"

of the collar and every inch of the two was a polynant happiness to summon Nan of the decision, In her hospital

head till De Spain swung up into the saddle. He bent down once to whistransacting businer to wrench it per a last word of cheer to his wife, ed without avail, and, without looking back, headed the

CHAPTER XXX.

Gambling With Death.

Beyond giving his horse a safe headway from the shelter, De Spain made little effort to guide her. He had chosen the Lady, not because she was ry, the drifts were deep fresher, for she was not, but because family Weig, and making all effort he believed she possessed of the three Mrs. 5 difficult. It was well-nigh borses the clearest instinct to bring of Fre 1 to head the horses into the her through the fight for the lives that nd De Spain looked with ever were at stake. He did not deceive him our thxious eyes at Nan. After half self with the idea he could do anything danour's superhuman struggle to re- to help the beast find a way to succor. am a trail that should restore their that instinct rested wholly in the Lacarings, they halted, and De Spain, dy's head, not in his. He only knew aling up to the wagon, spoke to Mor- that if she could not get back to help an, who was driving: "How long is he could not. His own part in the effort was quite outside any aid to the Lady-it was no more than to reach nlive whatever aid she could find, that he might direct it to where Nan and her companion would endure a few hours longer the fury of the storm.

His own struggle for life, he real ized, was with the wind-the rearing wind that hurled its brondsides of frocen show in monstrous waves across the moddened sky, challenging every living thing. It drove ley knives into his face and ears, paralyzed in its swift grasp his muscles and sinews fought the stout flow of blood through his veins, and searched his very heart to still it.

Encouraging the Lady with kind words, and caressing her in her groping efforts as she turned head and tall from the blinding sheets of snow and ice, De Spain let her drift, hoping she might bring them through, what he confessed in his heart to be, the nur

He bent low in his saddle under the snywhere you reach, wouldn't give you and arms to fight off the fatal cold. It the same attention they would me, slipped more than once from his seat eled the sinks longer than I have. But failing circulation, there would conght years against fifty. I ought to longer climb up again, but he stave oil out a while the longer, that's all, that loone off to the fast possible to Quartering against the mad hurri- made better time when he was on he guit beside the Ludy, while he stranged with his hands on the suddle for her partient nid.

One by one every thought, as if congealed in their brain cells, deserted his mind-save the thought that he must not freeze to death. More than once long since ceased to try to face itcane, she was drifting under it. Do him he must find Nan and bring her next Lefever on the receiving line. It more heavily. He pulled himself up as he worked. When he had finished this time by the stirrup strap, got his Lying where he had placed her, snugly give you whatever you think's coming held her close, Duke listening, to tell clung to it for a new paces more, But

The Lady, checked by the lines wrapped on his arm, stopped. De length to Morgan to step closer that Spain lay a moment, then backed her up a step, pulled her head down by the bridle, clasped his wooden arms around her neck, spoke to her, and, he loosened the tugs and the whiffletree, bent his hands together with idiotic effort, hooked the middle point of the whiffletree into the elbow of his left arm, brought the forearm and hand against his shoulder, and with the hitching strap lashed his forearm and upper arm tightly together around

the whiffletree. He drew the tugs stiffly over the Lady's back, unloosed the cinches of the saddle, pushed it off the horse and, sinking into the snow behind her, struck with his free arm at her feet. Relieved of the saddle, the Lady once more started, dragging slowly behind her through the snow a still breathing human being. Less than an hour before it had been a man. It was hardly to aid in the fight. more now, as the Lady plodded on. than an insensate log. But not even death could part it again from the horse to which De Spain, alive, had fastened it.

The fearful pain from the tortured arm, torn at times almost from its socket, the gradual snapping of straining ligaments, the constant rupture of capillaries and veins sustained his consciousness for a while. Then the torturing pain abated, the rough dragging shattered the bruised body less. It was as if the Lady and the storm than a single moment, to show of what Duke Morgan tested the cinches of the desert. He still struggled to keep had been wheeled more than once into and her husband watching the boy the saddle on the Lady once more, unsparks of consciousness, and to do so could help woo him back to life. The she relents. It is only children, after concentrated every thought on Nan. It chief surgeon, in the morning, told all, that keep the world young.

ainter in it. . of the lava. The strips of leather, the re-emerced fas her picture to his fainting senses; he bed she rese bolt upright. "No!" see tenings on the whiffletree, rolled all up knew he should hold to life as long declared solemnly. "You shan't take again, strapped it, and stood by the as he could think of her. Love, his arm off!" stronger than death, welled in his heart. The bitter cold and the merciless wind were kinder as he called her De Spain must lose either his arm or arms. Ahead, distant mountains rose, white-peaked. The sun shone. He his life," rode with her through green fields, and a great peace rested on his weary better blood and redder than the doc-

COURSES. Lady Jane, pushing on and on, enhiened by that instinct before which e reason of man is weak and pitiful, frozen snow, dragged to her joury's end-to the tight-shut doors of he Calabasas barn-her unconscious urden, and stood before them patientwaiting until someone should open r her. It was one of the heartbreaks f tragic day that no one ever knew st when the Lady reached the door how long she and her unconscious ester waited in the sterm for admis-A startled exclamation from ohn Lefever, who had periodically nd anxiously left the red-hot stove in the office to walk moodily to the window, brought the men tumbling ever one another as he ran from his empanions to throw open the outer

the barn. It was the Indian, Scott, who, reading first of all the men everything in the dread story, sprang forward with stifled exclamation, as the horse drugged in the snow-covered log. whipped a knife from his pocket, cut the incumbered arm and white hand free from the whiffletree, and, carrying the stiffened body into the office, began with insane haste to cut away the clothing.

door and pull the drooping horse into

Lefever, perceiving it was De Spain thus drawn to their feet, shouted. while he tore from the blade of Scott's nife the frozen garments, the orders for the snow, the heated water, the surm blankets, the alcohol and brandy, and, stripped to his waist, chafed the murble feet. The Indian, better than a staff of doctors, used the canning of a sorverer to revive the spark of insulmate life not yet extinguishby the storm. A fearful interval s suspense followed the silence into which the work settled, a sil-nee less hen only by the footsteps of men rule ning to and from the couch over which Scott, Lefever and McAlpin, isolfnaked, worked in mad concert.

The Spain opened his eyes to transler from one to the other of the faces. He half rose up, struggling in a frenty with the hands that restrained him While his companions pleaded to quiet him, he fought them until, restored to its sent of reason, his mind reassort. ed liself, and, lying exhausted, he fold day, them in his exquisite territre of whom he had left, and what must be done retainers gathered together from ever to find and bring them in.

While the relief wagons equipped veteran horsemen, were dashing out he and noped the inschaffer larger that of the barn, he bijsed into uncon- During the reception a modest man,

against a cruel, hateful death. He horses acrambling to their feet, rose struggled to his feet only to fall again upright at the crash. Duke crouched, half-conscious, under the rude shelter. lips and let him cut away her shoes and leggings and the big cont frozen on her, that in less than an hour she should see Henry de Spain alive and

CHAPTER XXXI.

At Sleepy Cat.

Nothing in nature, not even the of the after calm. In the radiance of the sunshine next day De Spain, delirious and muttering, was taken to the ing room lay Nan, mouning reproaches at those who were torturing her reluctantly back to life. Day and night the doctors worked over the three. The town, the division, the stagemen and come of the struggle. From as far as

De Spain cost the most acute anxiety. The crux of the battle, after the the effort to save De Spain's arm-the a gloom fell on the community.

In a lifetime of years there can come days, a few hours, sometimes no more came that day to Nan. Already she

The surgeon met her rebellion tactfully. But he told Nan, at last, that mage from out of the storm. She his life, "No," she repeated without seemed to speak-to lift him on her hesitation and without blancaing, "you shan't take off his arm. He shan't lose

The blood surged into her cheekstors had been able to bring there such blood as De Spain alone could call into them, Nan, with het nurse's help, dressed, joined De Spain, and talked long and earnestly. The doctors, too, eing, as it were, through the im- laid the situation before him. When netrable curtain of the storm where they asked him for his decision, he fuge lay, herself a slow-moving crust nodded toward Nan. "She will tell you, gentlemen, what we'd do."

And Non did tell them what the two who had most at stake in the decision would do. Any man could have done as much as that. But Nan did more. She set herself out to save the arta and patient both, and, lest the doctors should change their tactics and move together on the arm surreptitiously, Nan stayed night and day with De Spain, until he was able to make such active use of either arm as to convince her that he and not the surgeons would soon need the most watching.

Afterward when Nan, in some doubt, sked the chaplain whether she was parried or single, he obligingly offered to ratify and confirm the desert ceremony.

This affair was the occasion for an extraordinary round-up at Sleepy Cat. Two long-hostile elements—the stage and railroad men and the Calabasas-Morgan gap contingent of mountain men, for once at least, fraternized. Warrants were pigeonholed, suspicion suspended, sidearms neglected in their scabbards. The fighting men of both camps, in the presence of a ceremony that united De Spain and Nan Morgan, could not but feel a generous elation. Each party considered that it was contributing to the festivity in the bride and groom and the very best each rould bonst, and no false note disurbed the harmony of the notable

day. Gale Morgan, having given up the light, had left the country. Satterior Morgan danced till all the platforms in own gave way. John Lefever attendof the grown, and Duke Morgan storaly but without compunction, gave the From Medicine Bend, Farrell dy brought a notable company of the Spain's early associates for the event, It included Whispering Smith, whose visit to Sleepy Cat on this on Address postcard, Concurs, Dept. I. ension was the first in years; George Boston, Sold everywhere, Adv. McClical, who had come all the way from Omaha to join his early committee in arms; Wickwire, who had lost none of his taction blustness-and so many train dispatchers that the service on the division was crippled for the entire

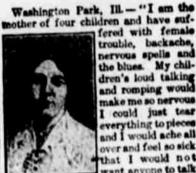
A great company of self-appointed all the country, rode behind the gayly decorated bridal coach in precession with straining teams and flanked by from the church to Jeffries' house, where the feasts had been prepared. sciousness. But he had been able to drugged from an obscure corner among hold Scott's hand long enough to tell the guests, was made to take his place was Rob Scott, and he looked most unconfortable until he found a chance

The railroad has not yet been built across the sinks to Thief River. But only those who fived in Sleepy Cat in "I sin't afraid of you, De Spain. I'll she put her hand on his sleeve. He hands and arms up to the pommel, and between the horses, Scott found Nan. its really wild stage days are entitled her what he meant to try to do. Each he feil at last, and could no longer rise staring eyes, picked her up in his tell stories more or less authentic covered wagon, and began to restore er number of the Old Guard of that her, without a moment of delay, to day, as cankering peace gradually relife. He even promised if she would asserted Itself along the sinks, turned drink the hateful draft he put to her from the stage coach to the railroad coach; some of them may yet be met on the trains in the mountain country. Wherever you happen to find such a one, he will tell you of the days when Superintendent de Spain of the Western division were a gun in the mountains and used it, when necessary, on his wife's relations.

> Whether it was this stern sense of discipline or not that endeared him to storm itself, is so cruel as the beauty the men, these old-timers are, to a man, very loyal to the young couple who united in their marriage the two hostile mountain elements. One in hospital at Sleepy Cat. In an adjoin- especial, a white-haired old man, described by the funciful as a retired outlaw, living yet on Nan's ranch in the gap, always spends his time in town at the De Spain home, where he takes great interest in an active the mountain men watched the out-Medicine Bend railroad surgeons came digs into his pockets for rattles captured along the trail from recent buge rattlesnakes. When his uncle happens to kill a big one-one with twelve or three lives were held safe, centered on thirteen rings and a button-Morgan uses it to scare his younger sister, one he had chosen to lose, if he must Nan. And Duke, secretly rejoicing at lose one, when he strapped it to the his bravado but scolding sharply, helps whiffletree. The day the surgeons him adjust the old ammunition beit agreed that if his life were to be saved dragged from the attic, and cuts fresh the arm must come off at the shoulder gashes in it to make it fit the childish waist. His mother doesn't like to see her son in warlike equipment, ambushto the greater part of us but a few ing little Nan in the way Bob Scott says the Indians used to do. She threatens periodically to burn the belt together were making easier for the stuff we are really made. Such a crisis up and throw the old rifles out of the

NERVOUSNESS AND BLUES

Symptoms of More Serious Sickness.



fered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick That I would not want anyone to talk

to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E Pinkham remedies." -Mrs. ROBT. STOPIEL, Sage Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

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